

## Flecks Of Gold

by mysteryflawless

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Summary: Here's what was in her mind, she could fuck the world and it would care less. She could disappear and the world wouldn't care. So the question she asked in her wasted self was: why did he care? Rated T for slight cussing.

## Flecks Of Gold

\*\*A/N: \*\*here's a short little one-shot! i hope you all enjoy!

\*\*HAPPY READING!\*\*

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><p>"A pessimist sees the difficulty in every opportunity; an optimist sees the opportunity in every difficulty."<br>• Winston S. Churchill

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><p><strong>Flecks Of Gold<strong>

Here's what was in her mind, she could fuck the world and it would care less. She could disappear and the world wouldn't care. So the question she asked in her wasted self was: why did he care?

She saw him clenching his fists and gritting his teeth. His gaze wavering from her to the bottle of fire whiskey in her hand which was depleting faster as the seconds ticked by.

Rubbing a hand on his face, he had to remind himself that this was Hermione Jean Granger, the brains of the golden trio yet looking so broken in front of him.

She stretched lazily on his couch, her shirt riding up a little

revealing the golden flesh underneath. He looked away swirling the drink in his hand.

He hadn't planned to end the day like this. He hadn't expected a drunk Granger waltzing into his apartment at two in the morning.

He didn't know how their friendship started it was just like they fell into rhythm with one other doing the ministries work. They often bashed heads but it wasn't like the fights they had in their childhood. Slowly they built whatever this was. That were close and that was the biggest understatement of the year. Draco knew her like the back of his hand and he knew she did too which made him feel uncomfortable as hell.

But the thing that Draco Malfoy was finding hard to get right was what she was doing inside his apartment stoned out of her mind. It was like ten times worse than seeing her with the weasel.

He couldn't deny the fact that he hadn't whooped with joy when they had broken up and the cherry on top was that she came to him for comfort. Well, take that potty-head. It was win-win for Draco in every scenario. She trusted him and he felt his chest swell. Being a Malfoy he was never good with emotions but she had an uncanny ability to bring out things that he had locked away a long time ago.

"Draco?" She purred from the couch looking at him with half-lidded eyes.

His head snapped up. "Yeah?"

"Why do you care?"

"Because I couldn't bear the thought of you disappearing from my life." And that was the truth; he couldn't deny or get annoyed by it anymore. He had accepted it and it felt liberating.

Her eyes came alive at his words. She leaned towards him, putting a hand on his cheek. "Draco... I..."

"Shhh..." He put his finger on her lips. Her lips felt so soft against his finger, he wanted to taste her then and there but he knew if he wanted her to be his in all respects it would be on her terms. He had the opportunity to be with her for the night but he knew he would ruin his chances in future.

Sighing he looked back into her brown-eyes and he swears that he saw some flecks of gold up this close making her more beautiful and unreachable. She accepted him with all his baggage and taught him how to let go. For this, he would always be grateful to her. He was a changed man and now there was no stopping him now from anything.

"Let's take you to bed."

She nods sleepily, her head lolling to the side making her chest-nut curls fall on his face tickling his nose.

Draco smiled all the way up to his room and till the time he tucked her in his bed.

He was about to turn away when she said slowly," thank you for being someone who wouldn't let me disappear."

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><p><strong>AN: \*\* please leave a review?

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file.